

# Celts game was most important

Wed. June 11, 1986

We were beginning to wonder if Robert would ever graduate.

It wasn't that he was a poor student, or that he didn't have enough credits — it was the weather that was holding him back.

It started pouring Thursday night, rained all day Friday, and on into Friday night.

"They're going to hold it Sunday afternoon if they can't hold it Saturday," Mom told me Friday evening. "I think they're not going to hold it at all if it isn't on Sunday."

Robert groaned. "I'm not going if it's Sunday afternoon, Mom," he said, stubbornly. "That's the last game of the Celtics finals against the Houston Rockets, and I'm not going to miss it!"

It rained all morning Saturday, and Dad called me at work to make sure I knew the ceremony was postponed.

Sunday morning, the skies began to clear, the weather grew steadily warmer, and the air grew muggier and stickier.

"Yes, graduations today," Robert said hastily over the phone early that afternoon. "No, you're not supposed to come for dinner, today's THE FINALS!"

He hung up on me. "If the game isn't over, I'm not going to graduation," he said sullenly when Mom told him to get ready.

"You are too!" she said, and an argument raged for a few moments.

Suddenly Robert gave in. "Okay," he said. "I'll go."

He donned his robe, stood for a few quick pictures, and headed off to the car with Priscilla.

"Wow, he really gave in quickly," Mom said, surprised.

We followed them to the graduation, and Robert took off to join the rest of the graduates.

Robert's procession began, and he marched by us.

"He's - - he's wearing a walkman," Mom sputtered, pointing at the headphones under his cap.

Dad just smiled, and she settled down, resigned.

I didn't care so much about the walkman. I was watching the weather. It had grown too hot and too steamy, and it was beginning to remind me of the way my disastrous graduation began.

Wearing the same white and maroon robes as Robert's class,



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Karen Cuble

our procession also lined up under sunny skies.

When the speeches began, the skies were still sunny, the air was steamier, and my hair was pasted to my forehead with a thick sweat.

Half way through the valedictorian's speech I noticed a heavy, black storm cloud speeding across the sky.

A chilling gust of wind blew across the field, and I prayed the speakers would race through their speeches before the downpour began.

We had no such luck.

The valedictorian, saluatorian, and student body president gave longwinded it-took-me-ages-to-prepare-this-and-I'm-finishing-it speeches. Then the administration

speeches began.

The sky grew heavier and darker, and the speeches continued.

I felt a rain drop hit the bridge of my nose, and fellow graduates murmured apprehensively.

The speeches droned on, and the rain drops continue to fall slowly.

Finally, it came time to hand out the diplomas.

The rain became a steady sprinkle, but I soon forgot about it. I was concentrating on when I should stand, walk to the platform, take my diploma, and head back to my seat.

By the time I sat down again, the rain was falling steadily.

"Dale," the superintendent announced.

The rain fell harder.

"Dennis," he said.

The rain began to pour, and the kids around me stood up.

I turned around, and saw students flying across the football field, holding their caps to their heads.

No parents were to be seen anywhere. They had headed to their cars long ago.

I looked at the podium, and the

administrators were running off the platform.

The superintendent hastily handed "Dennis" his diploma, and the rest of the diplomas were hauled across the field to the school gymnasium.

The kids without diplomas ran inside. I ran to my parents' car.

I was through with graduation, through with high school, and ready for college.

I climbed into the car, and we drove off in driving rain.

Sunday was the first time my high school held graduation outside since I graduated.

I think the school has learned a lot since 1981.

Only two students spoke, the speeches were shorter, and the superintendent seemed to keep one eye on the weather while the names were being called.

Luckily, the sun continued to shine, and the rain held off until later that night.

Like me, Robert can't remember a word of his graduation speeches, but he can remember what's important to him.

The Celtics won THE FINALS!



# Critics of Israel not anti-Semites

PARIS — Entertaining as the affair has been that has set Gore Vidal against Norman Podhoretz and Midge Decter, a serious matter is at stake. Mr. Vidal, the celebrated novelist, called the Podhoretzes (Miss Decter is of

lieve in conducting intellectual controversies with something other than nailed clubs, which are what have been in use here.

Israel is, of course, a subject loaded with feeling, but I would



Global View

ests of the two countries are not identical.

Israel has not been fighting the Arab nations since 1948 in order to save the Middle East from communism, or block the policies of the Soviet Union, or advance the